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Earth the most great, and Heaven on high!
 Father is He to man and god;
 And She, who taketh to her sod
 The cloud-flung rivers of the Sky

And beareth offspring, men and grass
 And beasts in all their kinds, indeed
 Mother of All. And every seed
 Earth-gendered back to Earth shall pass,
 And back to Heaven the seeds of Sky;
 Seeing all things into all may range
 And, sundering, show new shapes of change,
 But never that which is shall die.

GILBERT MURRAY.

Or the better known lines:

I hold him happiest
 Who, before going quickly whence he came,
 Hath looked ungrieving on these majesties,
 The world-wide Sun, the stars, water and clouds
 And fire. Live, Parmeno, a hundred years,
 Or a few weeks, these thou wilt always see,
 And never, never, any greater things.

Ibid.

This is Menander. For him Goethe had the liveliest admiration. He calls him pure, noble, cheerful, altogether invaluable, even though unhappily but a fragment. Yet if one demands an antistrophe to this strophe of Menander, I can think of none more apt than Goethe's own famous and beautiful psalm of life, known as *Das Göttliche*. From a very different point of view Browning's readers will not forget his sombre lines under the title "Prospice".

THE LONELY WORD IN VERGIL

"All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word". Thus has Tennyson described one of the most notable qualities of Vergil's style. On one occasion Tennyson was asked to give an example of what he meant by the "lonely word", and he replied that *cunctantem*, Aen. 6.211, illustrated what he intended when he wrote his famous line. It is interesting to note that this very word has been criticized by more than one editor as "unfortunate", in view of the fact that Vergil has already told us that the golden branch would readily follow Aeneas's grasp if he was called by the Fates. The editors have been too literal-minded. Tennyson saw something beyond the face value of the word. To Aeneas in the excitement of the great moment there seemed delay where none existed. Because of what the poet has told us above the word gains increased significance in the portrayal of Aeneas's eagerness, and the contrast in the literal phrases really helps rather than hinders the thought.

Vergil's inimitable style was due largely to his capacity for making words carry more than their face value. In the powers of suggestiveness his words express ideas and emotions more effectively than if he had used words mathematically equivalent to the several ideas. This trait may be called indirectness, condensation, or suggestion, but the essential thing is

that the poet, discerning that the truth is often more eloquently expressed by an appeal to the imagination than by an appeal to the intellect, and finding that the ordinary symbols are inadequate for this purpose, therefore employ words which transcend their ordinary functions. The added meaning may be due largely to the situation created by the poet. Though the story of the sufferings of Troy fills an entire book, it is brief (the poet tells us) in comparison with what might be told. As Dido listens with silent eyes and as what she leaves unsaid is far more eloquent than what she says, so Vergil speaks to us in this silent, eloquent fashion. Only the rarest powers of imagination and reflection and the most delicate sense of propriety could have guided him so unerringly in this practice.

We might wish that Tennyson had given further examples of the "lonely word", as they appeared to his poetic mind. Possibly some in the following collection may be classed with his solitary example. They are taken from Aeneid 1-6.

1.26. *repostum*. Vergil regularly uses *repono* in the sense of 'storing away'. I think the same meaning is present here. The judgment of Paris is stored away in Juno's mind; she clings to her grudge as something which has become dear to her. A neutral word with the mere sense of *hidden* would not have revealed so well her state of mind.

1.36. *servans* continues and confirms the idea of *repostum*. This grudge is something to be guarded, or "nursed", as Professor Fairclough well translates it. A word like *habeo* would have been quite inadequate.

1.209. *premit* does far more than a form of *pono* would have done. Without directly saying so, the poet shows us something of the struggle that goes on in his hero's heart.

1.418. *corripuere*. In their great eagerness to arrive at the queen's court they appeared to 'seize' the way. Compare Shakespeare's "He seemed in running to devour the way". Vergil seems deliberately to have chosen this word in preference to some neutral word.

1.719. *insidat* means 'rests upon', but it also suggests hostile intent, as in 2.616.

2.3. *renovare* depicts better than *narrare* would have done the horror of the struggle. The mere telling of the story is the renewing of the sorrow.

2.11. *breviter* suggests that all that may be said is brief in comparison with what must be left unsaid.

2.19. *penitus* is excellently descriptive (though indirectly so) of the great size of the horse.

2.42. *procul* portrays better even than the accompanying *ardens* the great eagerness of Laocoon.

2.51-53. *tremens* . . . *gemitum*. I believe the poet means to suggest that by these ominous tokens even the inanimate spear and horse are trying to warn the Trojans.

2.237. *scandit*. Though the walls have been levelled to the ground, the horse climbs, as a wolf leaping over the barrier into the sheepfold. Compare *salto* in 6.515. These two words suggest the hostile intent of the horse.

2.329, *fundit* expresses more than 'empties'; it implies also the idea of great number.

2.348, *frustra*. This word and words of kindred meaning (*nequiquam*, *inrita*, *inutile*, *imbelle*) haunt the entire second book. Better than the progress of the story they show the helplessness of the Trojans.

2.363, *antiqua*. The use of this word in this connection adds indirectly to the impressiveness of the fall.

2.674, *patri*. Why did Vergil not use the metrically equivalent *mihi*? Because an appeal must be made to the paternal instinct.

3.273, *execramur*. There is no need after this word to tell how large a part Ulysses had played in their suffering.

4.64, *inhirs*. The poet by this word suggests better than by a direct statement Dido's intense eagerness.

4.67, *vivit*. The wound is silent and yet it lives. The consuming effect of the wound is brought out more forcibly by the contrast between *tacitum* and *vivit*.

4.308, *moritura*. Here and elsewhere the poet makes Dido tell us indirectly what she with her delicate intuition realized must be her fate.

4.323, *hospes*. 'Guest' and no longer 'husband'! What a gulf has opened between the two! The power of the suggestiveness of the word made even Vergil's voice falter as he read it.

4.467-468, *solus . . . incommitata . . . deserta*. The lonely word repeated. She has broken away from the social order and is an outcast.

4.473, *sedent*. No transitory guests are they.

4.598, *aiunt*. Does the poet need to say that she doubts the truth of Aeneas's reputed piety?

4.692, *ingemuit*. Henry says, "There is no so touching word in the whole Aeneid as this *ingemuit*, placing as it does before the mind capable of such sympathies the whole heart-rending history in a single retrospective glance". The lonely word does what a long discussion would fail to do.

5.224, *spoliata*. Professor Knapp says, "A fine word here; the loss of the pilot was an outrage against the ship".

6.260, *invade*; 268, *obscuri*; 269, *vacuas . . . inania*; 425, *inremeabilis*; 429, *atra*, and 466, *extremum*. All these words are rich in the powers of suggestion. The last, *extremum*, seems to me to carry the melancholy suggestiveness of Poe's "nevermore". Fate decrees that in all eternity Aeneas and Dido shall never meet again.

Many of the lonely words will not be evident on the first reading or even on the twentieth. New meanings and new suggestions are always being revealed. Therein lies one of the beauties of Vergil's style. In whetting one's artistic sense upon the lonely words and golden phrases of Vergil, an aesthetic power is achieved hardly surpassed otherwise.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL LATIN COURSE

In the general wrongness of the whole world at the present moment nothing seems to me more out of joint than our High School Latin course, not in the material it employs, but in the use we make of that material. When I say "our", I am indicting equally the College Entrance committees and the Secondary School teachers. The first year work, being chiefly a matter of forms, connects itself solely with words in our language and offers us little of historic or literary association. But Caesar and Cicero give us documents of the greatest historical value, besides an opportunity for practice in our own sentence-formation; and Vergil offers us a masterpiece in poetry, of style so magical and compelling that one who opens his eyes and his ears cannot fail to fall beneath its spell—a poem that ranks with the world's greatest in literature and that can serve as a vehicle through which we may teach the enduring qualities that characterize any masterpiece. This material we do not use, but abuse.

In the Gallic War we have the first historical document dealing directly with those westward migrations that began on the steppes of Asia ages before the dawn of history and have continued till they have landed us and our compatriots on this continent. We see, in the Gallic War, that tide hurled back for a time, a solid dyke built up to stem it. In the struggle with Vercingetorix we see the foreshadowing of the national spirit of to-day, we see the dyke so patiently and persistently constructed during seven years all but swept away. In that struggle we, personally and individually, have a stake on both sides. It was our ancestors, in spirit and many times in fact, who were striving to assert their liberty and to thrust off the Roman centralizing force that was to constitute Gaul a barrier against barbarian invasion for centuries. But suppose they had gained their will? Suppose they had conquered and killed Caesar at Alesia? The Roman power would probably have sunk into ignominious decay three or four centuries sooner, overwhelmed by wave after wave of the hordes that were pressing at her barriers. There would have been no time for the Roman collection and study of Greek art and philosophy and literature; there would have been no treasures of manuscripts copied and hoarded up; there would have been no Constantinople, no Renaissance, no Columbus and no Second Year Latin classes in America wondering as they see the whole scroll of history unwound from their Latin text.

In Cicero also we have material equally vital for Americans. In his uncertainties in dealing with the Catilinarians, Cicero shows us the weaknesses and the limitations of the Roman constitution. The inventors of the idea of a State managed by all the free men had not developed the details of their machine to a point where it was equal to every emergency. Their engine was of a primitive type; we have learned from their mistakes. Government is a growth; laws are changed from time to time; we must be careful that they change